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The Commonweal

June 15, 1951

Our Changing South

The "New South" means new problems

LAWRENCE T. KING

The Mystery of Petain

Is the Marshal a victim of history?

ROBERT BARRAT

"Man and the State"

A review of Jacques Maritain's study

HEINRICH ROMMEN

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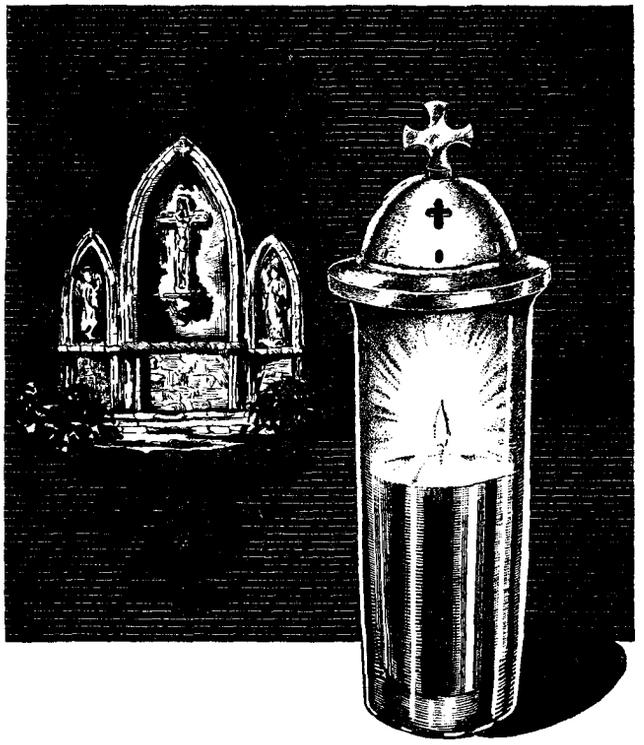

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

The Italian Vote

THERE are two ways of reading the results of the first two Italian elections. In the twenty-eight northern provinces there is the inspiring fact that local Communist political machines were overturned in more than eight hundred towns and cities, including Genoa, Venice and Milan. The victory of the anti-Communist coalition in these centers will deprive the Party of extensive patronage and other instruments of power. The elections to the Regional Parliament in Sicily provided less solid reasons for satisfaction. The Christian Democrat vote was off one-third from their extraordinary victory in 1948, but at that, de Gasperi's party had a considerably stronger following than it enjoyed after elections five years ago.

Observers who tend always to look on the brighter side stress the fact that in both sections of Italy the combined vote of the Communists and their captive Nenni Socialists comprises but a third of the total. Some find comfort in the fact that the neo-Fascist MSI Party accounted for a good chunk of the Christian Democrats' losses. A few even take heart because the de Gasperi government may now take account of the dissatisfaction of the electorate and go through, at last, with major social reforms.

The second way of interpreting the results of the balloting would seem the more convincing. The Communists succeeded in raising the percentage of their following both in the North and in the South. They did this despite formidable obstacles. Economic conditions in Italy are much improved over 1948. Italians are conscious of the Communist aggression in Korea. There was the intervention in the election of such political opposites as Cardinal Schuster of Milan and Cardinal della Costa of Florence. The Communists suffered all the electoral disadvantages flowing from the power of the incumbent de Gasperi government and from the patent effects of continuing Marshall aid. Yet despite all these and several other factors, the Italian Communists not only held, but even increased, their substantial political following.

In the electoral campaigns they posed primarily as champions of peace (and foes of bellicose American imperialism). That is an argument that should progressively lose in force as the defenses of the West reach the point of effectiveness. For if Europe gets through the next twelve months without a war it is at least arguable that the Kremlin will think twice before issuing the order to attack.

The other reasons for support of the Communists call for something more than a continuation (and intensification) of present efforts. Italy's chronic poverty derives from overpopulation, inadequate natural resources, bad land distribution, high living costs in relation to wages, widespread unemployment. The de Gasperi government, with American help, has been able to accomplish too little in these areas up to now. That is the disquieting thing about the basis for the big Communist vote in Italy.

IF THE population problem were tackled head on, the other factors would lessen in intensity. There are three million people too many on the Italian peninsula, considering the resources of which the ancient land disposes. Officials estimate necessary emigration at from 450,000 to 480,000 a year. With the International Refugee Organization going out of business at the end of this month, a new organization to handle emigration from the overpopulated countries of Europe to the United States and Canada, South America and Australia is in order. Such an agency should properly be under UN auspices; it could be a means of making Marshall aid doubly effective in putting Europe on its feet.

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Separate but Equal?

LAST month's two-day hearings on conditions in a school district in Clarendon County, South Carolina, in the federal courthouse in Charleston, may provide a milestone in the emancipation of the American Negro. A panel of three federal judges presided. The National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People accused the local school board of violating the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment; similar suits have been filed in three of the other sixteen states practicing this form of racial segregation. The judges have thus far reserved their decision. But whatever that turns out to be, an immediate appeal to the United States Supreme Court is inevitable.

The fiction that Southern states provide equal facilities in all such instances was so convincingly exposed at the hearings that even the defense attorney admitted the inequalities in open court. One index was the respective physical plants of the white and Negro schools of the district; another was the fact that the amount spent per white pupil in his schools was $166, per Negro pupil $43.50. The defense counsel pleaded for time, citing some new state legislation and the additional funds that will be available after new taxes go into effect in July. He was reminded that such inequalities had been in force for eighty years.

The NAACP was hardly content to call attention to the obvious disparities between the education provided by white and Negro schools. It introduced expert witnesses to testify to the deleterious effects of segregation itself upon both white and Negro. They declared that the psychological damage done under the present setup came from the lowering of Negro self-esteem and the resentments aroused by the segregation policy.

Rightly the prosecution placed the emphasis on segregation rather than upon the poorer schools. For extraordinary appropriations could bring the facilities of the separate systems to a point where the inequalities were more difficult to demonstrate and yet that would not basically affect the Negro's designation as a second-class citizen, with all the damage such a stigma wreaks upon his personality. Better school facilities are highly desirable, but until segregation is abolished severe American Negro disabilities will persist.

• NEXT WEEK •

FRANCOIS MAURIAC provides an answer to the question, "Do Christians have a temporal hope?"

"If Christ is not risen and if our hope is vain, every man literally becomes a prisoner. Even the few privileged ones who escape the lot of being forced to work for a living may undergo a servitude that is even worse, for there exist prisoners of pleasure and automatons of vice."

Music Lessons

THE annual financial report of the American Federation of Musicians, AFL, indicates that the union is getting along, but President James C. Petrillo addressed the union's fifty-fourth annual convention in tones of desperation. In referring to music as a "starvation business" and calling for government subsidies for musical programs that would employ idle musicians, Mr. Petrillo was undoubtedly reacting to the inroads which increasing mechanization has made on the opportunities for the professional musician in this country.

But his sensational opposition to music lessons for American and Canadian youngsters placed him in the curious position of advising against a well-worn custom that would supply his members with a certain amount of employment.

It would hardly occur to the average sufferer from juvenile wails and scrapings down the block that music lessons are a preparation for making a living. In most cases children's violin, piano or singing lessons seem to be niceties, another layer of culture painfully acquired. The only connection with economics is that the development of such talents may enable an American boy or girl to get on, to achieve a degree of popularity with one's kind that spells success in the world. It was not so long ago that American magazine readers were periodically regaled with splash ads which bore the catchline: "They all laughed when I sat down to play."

In a later press interview Mr. Petrillo hastened to clarify his remarks. He had been thinking of music only as a means of making a living; he wanted to discourage apprenticeship in a field already overcrowded. He had no objection to children's learning "to play the fiddle for fun." Whose fun, Mr. Petrillo?

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The Spectacle on 34th Street

SECRETARY of Defense George Marshall and Mr. Charles Wilson, the Director of Defense Mobilization, have warned us on several occasions in the last few weeks that inflation is eating away the value of the dollar. A dollar appropriated by Congress for defense purposes buys, in some cases, eighty cents worth of material by the time Marshall and Wilson are actually able to spend it. This, as Wilson says, is a loss fully as damaging to us as the loss of equipment in Korea.

It is against this background that one has to judge the price war declared by Macy's when the Supreme Court ruled that merchandisers who did not sign fair-trade price agreements with their suppliers were not bound to charge a controlled price. The minute Macy's broke loose, Gimbel's drew in its breath, like a Chinese bugler under a moonlit sky, and issued the battle blast of Herald Square: Nobody but nobody undersells us, and so forth and so on.

As consumers, we are expected to jump at this sound, and of course it is quite understandable that a lot of people did. But more than that, it is expected of us that we observe with awe and admiration this grappling between the giants of free enterprise. This is the kind of spectacle the big hustler is most proud of: a thumping demonstration that free-for-all competition is a tough and wonderful game and all the people who play it are sort of wonderful, too, and full of good old American-red corpuscles. If you happen to be one of those who has a doubt or two about this scheme of things, well it is probably because you are a dainty fellow, afraid to get kicked in the shins in a manly fight where, naturally, only the fittest survive. Or then you may, of course, be one of those people who were infected in college with all those highfalutin ideas about a controlled or a planned economy, ideas that even Macy's has declared itself ready to abide by, if circumstances require.

But what about the complaints of Mr. Marshall and Mr. Wilson? The facts of inflation are, after all, rather obvious: when production of consumer goods must give way to production of defense materials, there is a shortage of things to buy at the same time that there are a lot of dollars to buy them with. So prices go up and up and the dollar buys less and less. It is a precarious state for the national economy to be in, and it should be plain that all of us must proceed with caution. It is hardly a time to peddle away wildly the stock of consumer goods we do have on hand.

Yet that is what the price war may lead to. Already it has spread from coast to coast and the small businessmen—who simply cannot survive this kind of price cutting—have decided to take their case to Washington. In short, the boat has been rocked and we had better do something about it rather soon.

Inflation can be beaten only if we control the economy properly and, above all, only if we avoid panic. It is hard to see, then, that this price war has, in the long run, helped any of us very much at all.

If, in six months time, someone has occasion to blow taps in the deserted and echoing halls on 34th Street and thereabouts, we trust that the combatants in the present war will have the goodness to do their mourning in private, and not, as is their wont, all over the advertising columns of our daily newspaper.

The 'Loyal' Subversives

FOR the past several months the Capital Transit Company of Washington, D. C., has been exerting itself above and beyond the call of public service. It has taken to piping music, news and commercials through its buses and streetcars and through the minds of its riders. A few of the riders had a little trouble adjusting themselves to a thought-controlled environment and took their complaint to the courts.

This gave the judges of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals a chance to express themselves on the matter and we think it would be a nice thing to see their words posted in every public conveyance, just above the no-expectorating sign. Said the judges: "Freedom of attention, which forced listening destroys, is a part of liberty essential to individuals and to society." And, by way of a parting shot, the Court added: "the Bill of Rights . . . can keep up with anything an advertising man or an electronics engineer can think of"—a bracing declaration promising no legal appeasement later in the Supreme Court for the salesmen-subversives who bore, indeed, and so loyally, from within.

Georges Bernanos once said, apropos of all this, that he thought we were quite mistaken to say as we often do, that "we keep silence." He thought it would be much more accurate to say that silence keeps us. Without the merciful intervention of the courts, it would be rather difficult in the empire of the ad man to put Bernanos's proposition to the test.

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Police Action

IF YOU'RE going to have a war, I suppose it is hard not to believe that you're fighting for something as well as against something. During the Second World War, in the United States, there was a general feeling that somehow out of all the death and horror a new world would arise. No one believed that all the shooting and bombing would produce anything but devastation, but we did believe that the war had stimulated a general desire to right ancient wrongs and lay the basis for a better order of things. I don't suppose that it would have gone well with the soldiers, the sailors and the marines if the idea had been abroad that nothing would be different after they got home, that there would be no changes.

The men on the islands, in the foxholes, and over the hostile skies of *Festung Europa* dreamed of home and the future, as soldiers do. Understandably, they generously tinted their dreams, but the stateside publicists, the politicians, the columnists, the ad-writers, the novelists, the radio and Hollywood people eagerly went along, as did the general population.

The men thought of a new life, a second start, a real effort to build a new world when the victory was achieved. This was a generation, remember, that grew up in the depression. And, remember too, that these were Americans, but they were not dreaming in Shelby, Ohio or Fort Douglas, Utah. They were in strange, exotic places surrounded by underfed natives and underdeveloped lands, and they thought in broad, worldwide terms. Clare Boothe Luce coined "globaloney" around this time, Henry Wallace's sixty million jobs at home and bottle of milk for every Hottentot were the object of much stateside ridicule. But there was plenty of globaloney in the letters the service men wrote to *Yank*. When you are surrounded by Hottentots without milk, the joke isn't as funny as it is in Connecticut surrounded by well-fed Republicans.

Well, the victory came and the soldiers and sailors were shipped back home. Now was the time to settle down and make the new world that people had talked about. Above everything else, the United Nations organization was the thing. It concretized the hopes and aspirations of millions who had survived the greatest devastation the world had ever known. Never again, the feeling was, would the nations work alone and separately, at least on major questions.

There was the big organizing meeting in San Francisco—the birth of a new deal for humanity, it was said. Just getting together, erecting the machinery of unity wouldn't produce unity—people knew that. But even having something like the UN, the apparatus, was a significant start. It brought the Hottentot's bottle of milk that much closer to reality. During this time, remember, the memory of certain far-off places was still fresh for millions of Americans: Naples meant a certain street, a certain view of the Bay, maybe a certain girl; Manila meant a certain hungry family in a cave, a certain demolished church, a certain new understanding of the Filipinos—with this knowledge the sneer "globaloney!" was almost an obscenity.

The UN was globaloney. It meant that certain medical problems, social problems, economic problems, political problems could be worked out in common. In those days, for millions of Americans who still vividly remembered a far-off street, an orphanage, a sick child, the UN meant a bond with people who were no longer vague figures in the *National Geographic* but living, breathing, familiar persons. It was a concrete affirmation of the general feeling that we were all in this thing together from now on. The enemies of mankind had been crushed. Aggression and conquest had been stopped, and when they appeared again (almost everyone was agreed that it was possible, even probable) the peoples would be ready for it. They would meet it together.

Never again would the peoples of the earth go down one by one, like bowling balls. We thought we were seeing, among other things, the birth of a long envisioned international police force. The international police force —a wartime conversational fixture—the power and unity that weren't there to meet Hitler when he began, as we kept saying over and over. If the force had been available then, an international police force, we might have avoided much of the destruction and waste of the Second World War, we told ourselves. We might have put out the spark before it developed into the flame that threatened to consume the civilized world.

That was the feeling. That is why, five or six years ago, no one would have sneered at the words "police action" to describe the use of international troops. If someone had postulated the Korean aggression then, almost everyone would have agreed that it should be met by "police action." Almost everyone would have agreed that it should be the nations' fighting men, conceived in new, revolutionary terms, a "police force," versus the international outlaws.

Hardly anyone thought that force could be outlawed from the international scene. But it was believed that henceforth it could be limited, circumscribed. The old-fashioned soldier and the new-fashioned international policeman, it was felt, looked very much alike. They used the same weapons, they fought the same kind of evil, they suffered and died for the same cause of justice. But the emphasis had changed. For the old-fashioned soldier, military victory, wherever it might lead, was the end; for the new, the maintenance of general order and the restoration of order where it had been disturbed were the main ends.

We were very close in time then to the real horror of general war. The peoples of the world were vividly aware of how it speedily spreads over the earth like a plague once it is under way. With that bitter knowledge, the "policeman" concept of armed force was conceived. At the time it seemed irresistibly logical. If the idea worked, we thought, it could be said again: Never before have so many owed so much to so few.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Our Changing South

The changes envisioned for the "New South" don't all spell progress.

By LAWRENCE T. KING

THERE is a new spirit stirring in the South today. Poverty and ignorance are fast disappearing before the onslaught of technological progress and Yankee capital. Just take a look at the statistics (figures don't lie): In 1938, average per capita income in the South was $315; today it is $981. In 1938, the South produced 7 per cent of the nation's iron ore; today it turns out over 13 per cent.

For almost a generation now, the nation at large has been subjected to statistics of this sort in books, magazine articles and newspaper reports heralding the birth of the "New South"—a natural reaction no doubt to the flood of "literature" by the Tobacco Road school of writers in the 1920's and '30's.

It is now generally accepted that the writings of the latter were at best caricatures and not representative of the real South. But no one has stepped forth to challenge the thesis of the former. In stressing the theme that once it catches up with the national gravy train everything will be all right with Dixie, they are lulling us into a dangerous complacency. The ferment that is taking place in the South is creating serious problems, most of which have been conveniently minimized or ignored by the publicists of the "New South" lest it detract from their main thesis: the invincibility of Southern progress.

Take the problem of the sharecropper—that forlorn and exploited figure who somehow manages to persist in the national consciousness as the living symbol of the area's backwardness. We are told that farm tenancy has declined 15 per cent in 10 years; and the implication is that sharecroppers are fast joining the march of progress and are becoming the masters of their own destinies on their own debt-free, scientifically revitalized farms.

The fact of the matter is that few sharecroppers have succeeded in passing from the tenant to the owner class. They have merely been uprooted from the land by the tractor, the flame cultivator, the chemically-defoliating airplane and the mechanical cotton-picker. They have been forced to flee from a harsh life on the land to a harsher life in the great urban centers of the nation. They have joined the vast army of the rootless crowding our slum areas.

If the statistics on the decline of farm tenancy in the South prove anything, it is simply that the days of the sharecropper system are numbered. When it finally does die, its demise will not be the result of any desire to reform a system that was intrinsically inequitable but rather because mechanization made it economically unsound.

When the cotton farms of the Mississippi Delta are completely mechanized, it is estimated that 70 per cent of the people on the land will have been displaced. In the reams of copy that have been turned out on this aspect of the South's "progress," one looks in vain for a discussion of the consequences of this displacement upon the people involved. Apparently the human factor in the equation has been overlooked.

★

THE demise of the sharecropper system will undoubtedly be mourned by the Southern romanticist, but for the most part the region will be glad to have got rid of it for progress' sake. The important point that is seldom mentioned, however, is that the same factor which is sounding the death knell of the sharecropper is also threatening the existence of the family farm which—outside of the cotton area—has always been the backbone of Southern agriculture.

Despite the great stress placed upon industrialization below the Mason-Dixon line, the South remains predominantly agricultural. About half the nation's farmers are concentrated in the Southern states. Up until a few years ago, the average farm was but 71 acres—just large enough to enable the farmer and his family to eke out a precarious existence from land that had been pauperized by years of devotion to row crops.

Today it would seem from articles on the application of scientific farming in the South, the future of the average Southern farmer is brighter than ever. What the articles fail to mention, however, is that the average small farmer in the South has never been able to accumulate enough capital to undertake a thorough farm rebuilding

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program. Soil restoration takes time, and the farmer who seeks financial assistance from the local bank, to tide him over while he is trying to put into practice the lessons of the "new agriculture," finds that credit is still hard to come by.

The banks, it seems, have been sold on the idea that the small, family-sized farm is uneconomical and therefore a poor investment. Unable to get out of his rut, the farmer is thus encouraged to resolve his problem either by giving up the land for employment in the city or by selling his few acres and hiring his services to the owner of a large "economical" farm.

The large, business-type farm, it must be noted, largely accounts for the phenomenal gains recorded in the South's agricultural wealth during the past decade. The development of new grasses and legumes has transformed honey-combed red clay fields into rich luxuriant meadows. It has brought a new look to the rural South—and in the process it has created a new Mecca for the moneymen of American agriculture: the cattlemen.

★

AT ONE time, a 3,000-acre farm in the South was a rarity. Today they are becoming commonplace. In its preoccupation with increasing production, the South is losing sight of the real danger that threatens — the danger that farming may become a monopoly for the relatively few who have access to the capital needed to reap the full benefits of the new agriculture. At the turn of the century, a tract of 3,000 cultivated acres supported as many as 300 farm families—and they were for the most part large families. At that time, of course, the discrepancy between urban and rural living was not as pronounced as it is now.

Today, to bridge the disparity between urban and rural living, the tendency is to apply the lessons of competitive business to the field of agriculture, with the profit motive as the only accepted yardstick for evaluating the farm as a feasible economic unit. The net result has been the emergence of the large commercial farm whose only *raison d'être* is profit. Those who defend the family-sized farm as the last bulwark of independence and dignity in an age of mass compulsions and stereotyped standardization are dogmatically dismissed as dreamers.

The issue in the South today is quite clear. On the one hand, there are the proponents of the large commercialized farms who look upon agriculture solely from the perspective of economics. They are convinced, as Leonard Hastings Schoff expresses it in his "A National Agricultural Policy" (Harpers), that there are too many people on the land and that the nation's farm "problem" can be alleviated only by the wholesale absorption of rural people by industry. Bigger and less farms and fewer people engaged in food production is their prescription.

On the other side, there are those who look upon farming not simply as a business but as a veritable way of life. Monsignor Ligutti, who has devoted a lifetime to championing the cause of the family farm, expresses their viewpoint in his pamphlet, "For This We Stand" (National Catholic Rural Life Conference):

"Proper aims and methods in farming make possible the acquisition of at least a modicum of security through ownership of productive property, and this in turn favorably affects the human personality. . . . The farmer with a high-price complex works against his own interest. . . . As true friends of the farmer we might well advocate less money but better living for the farm family. This is a very possible situation, for a better living cannot be bought; it must be created, even with a meager income. More money and higher prices may not mean better living even though it means more spending."

The great emphasis that is being placed on bigger and fewer farms, increased industrialization, improved educational facilities and higher net incomes indicates that a large segment of the South believes that a better living can be bought.

★

UNFORTUNATELY, the South has not escaped the obsession that has gripped most American economic thinking in recent years: the tendency to evaluate everything in terms of increased production and higher income per capita without giving consideration to human values. Is this not symptomatic of the sickness of our age—the failure to realize that progress and material development are not necessarily synonymous, and that comfort and civilization are not the same?

Conveniently minimized by the proponents of this school is the fact that their program can be achieved only by creating the conditions which force men to relinquish the one source of security they possess—the land—for the greater material gains promised as the fruits of a mechanized society which may be economically sound but which can never be sociologically healthy.

The South is going through a period of tremendous change. Will the South that finally emerges achieve the measure of material success it is seeking by creating what Wilhelm Ropke describes as "economic and social dependence, a rootless, tenemented life, where men are strangers to nature and overwhelmed by the dreariness of work?" Or will it be able to work out a proper balance between agriculture and industry in which the family farm will provide the stable base—ownership of productive property—upon which true security must rest?

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FROM FRANCE

The Mystery of Marshal Petain

BY the time these lines are published the prisoner of the isle of Yeu may have yielded up his soul, taking with him, from the other side of the tomb, the secret of what has well been called the Pétain mystery. I do not believe that there has been an affair which has so stirred the consciences of Frenchmen since the time of Dreyfus.

I am speaking here of the great mass of Frenchmen who are not blinded by partisan passions and for whom *a priori* Pétain has not been a traitor or a martyr. I am thinking of thousands of good people who have tried in the light of recent documents to untangle the inextricable confusion of the last fifteen years of our history. Of those who ponder in good faith the tragic destiny of that man who, having helped save France in 1917 and gained honor and glory, agreed to govern our beaten and humiliated country for four years—and then was condemned to death and thrown into a prison cell just off the coast of Brittany.

Has this man actually betrayed his country as charged? Has he not been the victim of passions which were unleashed on the morrow of liberation? And will future historians be as harsh on him as his contemporaries were? More extraordinary vindications have occurred than would be required for Pétain. And if it should eventuate one day that the total benefits accruing to our nation from the presence of the last Marshal of France at the head of the Vichy government largely made up for the evils that his presence incurred, what will our great-grandchildren think of us? Of us, who have not even had enough pity to permit a little sunshine and a few green trees to the oldest prisoner in the world during his last days on earth?

Of course I do not suppose that the passions of the French people have so abated that there is any serious prospect of reopening the Pétain case and of studying it with the calmness and objectivity which we would bring to a review of the trials of Jeanne d'Arc or of Socrates. His case is still too close to us, and the events on which it rests too involved in tears and blood, for reason to dominate sentiment or passion. Yet there are signs of a change in popular feeling.

★

IN 1945 when the Marshal returned from Switzerland to become a prisoner it seemed normal, except to a handful of his loyal adherents, that he be tried and condemned. It appeared normal both to his enemies and even to the defenders of his policies. To the former, because these were the days when were revealed the horror of the Nazi camps, the crimes perpetrated in France by the collaborators, and the extent of the executions and deportations of the Occupation. The man whom the crowds had acclaimed in 1940 as the father of his people and the savior of his country was also the leader who had counseled the odious policy of collaboration and by his presence alone made doubt and treason possible. Such a crime demanded satisfaction.

This was a time when a regular frenzy of purges shook our country. The gods were thirsty. With summary executions, assassinations, courtmartials, streamlined justice, it was in a veritable atmosphere of terror that the French sought to liquidate the complex of hates, fears, remorse built up during four long years. I do not doubt that there was in the minds of de Gaulle and of other sincere patriots the idea that the only way to satisfy the thirst of the fanatics was to let a few heads roll. A calculation hateful to sensitive souls. A calculation that all who have reflected on politics know to be inevitable in certain revolutionary periods in the life of a nation. The years 1944 and 1945 constituted a revolutionary period. . . . But everyone knew that you could not execute a man who was ninety years old.

That is why I was hardly surprised when the papers announced that Marshal Pétain had been condemned to death and that his sentence had immediately been commuted to life imprisonment. It certainly occasioned less surprise than that aroused by the frightful parody of justice constituted by the trial and ignoble execution of Laval.

But since then the pendulum of history seems to have swung back.

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FIRST of all many people have discovered the large interest the Communists had in gaining credence for the legend—which will not bear analysis—that half of France was Pétainist and, at the same time, pro-German. Documents, piles of evidence, have come to light establishing the fact that many of the supporters of the Vichy policy were at the same time determined enemies of Germany, patriots and authentic men of the Resistance. In order to make France forget their own backing and filling and their treason in 1940, the Communists in 1944 assumed the role of super-patriots and frantically agitated for a purge to rid them of their class enemies. And the question which naturally arises is: "What might have happened if de Gaulle, who was a prisoner of former alliances, had not had his hand forced by the Communists?" The joining of forces that many looked for—between de Gaulle and Pétain — which would have brought together the separated halves of France, might it not have been possible?

Let me quote a witness of the scene at which General Leclercq, soon after the Allied landings, was asked what General de Gaulle would have done if suddenly chance had placed him face to face with Marshal Pétain. "He would have snapped to attention and extended his hand to the Marshal," was Leclercq's reply. That is the way history is rewritten. After the damage is done, alas.

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AND NOW that passions are calmed has the moment arrived to review the trial of the Marshal, as his defenders claim? To be honest, I wonder if we are not faced with a case on which it is impossible to render a verdict, one of those cases which always remain an enigma for historians. On the man himself it appears difficult to render a judgment.

What do we know of his character? Some have just told us that the Marshal was proud and a defeatist—a man seized at the age of eighty-five by a surge of senile ambition. Others have boasted of his nobility, his firmness, the humanity which he had manifested throughout his life.

From a short encounter that I had with the Marshal early in 1941—he was crossing a hotel corridor in Vichy and I was introduced to him—I remember the admirable head of an old man, a profile that would look well on a medal, a quavering voice, a thick and fleshy hand. I was twenty-one years old and there before me was the victor of Verdun, the first Marshal of France. It was the time when the Marshal, cane in hand, was visiting the large cities of non-occupied France, arousing genuine waves of enthusiasm and popular fervor. (I know what I'm talking about, I was there.) Surely at that moment a sort of religious sentiment went up toward him as toward an old hero who had consented to sacrifice his last years in order to protect the people of France. How could I have imagined that day that this leader of France, her king, would one day be arrested, disgraced and condemned to death for treason? Today again, having read all sorts of conflicting testimony, I would be incapable of making up my mind as to the inmost character of that old man. And I believe that an enormous number of Frenchmen are in the same perplexity.

My common sense simply rejects the idea that a man of eighty-five years—at the end of a career such as Pétain's—could have harbored ambitious projects, desired his country's defeat, in order to consolidate his personal power and to betray. I am told that if he had been the sort I think him, he would have had to refuse power in 1940 when it was offered him. Indeed. And why always ascribe bad intentions to those who are on trial? Would not the attitude of Pétain be explained psychologically just as convincingly by presenting him as a great patriot preoccupied solely with serving, as by painting him of ambition without either heart or scruples?

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TRULY the Pétain problem goes far beyond that of a man; it is the problem of a policy, of a period of French history. And here we find ourselves face to face with the inability of men to judge contemporary history. How pass judgment on the policy of Vichy? Can it be judged calmly? Can we try today to weigh the pros and cons, a thing that was impossible on the morrow of liberation? Once again we find the French people are arguing the case.

Some declare: "We should have allowed the Germans to occupy all France. That would not have been worse. Then there would not have been that internal moral division between Frenchmen. Pétain dishonored us in the eyes of the Allies."

Others answer: "Pétain saved all that could be saved. The prestige of his name alone prevented the Germans from making France a second Poland. Without him, without the armistice, there would have been two million more prisoners. Axis troops would have invaded North Africa, which would have meant catastrophe for the Allies."

And so people throw themselves into these arguments, cite statistics, remake history, reconstitute events.

Events are what they are. There is no way of changing them. And in the end it is always men who interpret, write and judge history—men with their passions and their narrow and limited judgments.

How should the Marshal have been judged, you will ask. A sad problem. Whatever the judges' decision had been in 1945, I think, in that divided France, it would inevitably have wounded consciences, caused anguish of heart.

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PERHAPS it was necessary to condemn the Marshal. But I should think that there was a way of condemning him which would have made reconciliation possible throughout France, a reconciliation in charity, with recognition of the weaknesses in human justice. I should have preferred the tribunal to condemn this old man without dishonoring him as his judges did. I believe that in another epoch, when there was still an element of nobility in our political customs, Pétain would have been addressed in these terms: "Marshal, we know that you did not want to betray us. We know that you sought but to serve your country, that you inherited a situation created by twenty years of party quarrels, bad governments, a weakening of public morale. However, your policies have brought certain evil fruits for our country. And here is what they are. You will acknowledge that public men must be responsible for their actions. We therefore condemn you . . ."

Not to death. Certainly not to death. Why condemn to death a man whom everyone knows will not be executed because of his age unless it be deliberately to dishonor him? Prison perhaps, or banishment. Yes, I regret that this latter form of punishment customary in Athens, Rome and the cities of the Middle Ages, no longer exists in our day. That means that politics is a terrible calling and that men in public life cannot depend—in public matters—on ordinary legal tenets.

Going over a stenographic account of this trial I cannot help thinking of something that I reread the other day in Huysmans' "Là-Bas." It is the scene of the trial of Gilles de Rais, better known in legend as Bluebeard, accused of murdering more than a hundred young children. Before his judges he confessed his crimes. They are so horrible that the president of the tribunal, Jean de Malestroit, stands up and out of shame goes over and veils the visage of Christ.

Then an extraordinary spectacle takes place. Confronted by this simple gesture, Gilles suddenly

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realizes the enormity of his crimes and that soon he is going to be confronted by them before another tribunal, that of divine justice. "He fell on his knees," Huysmans wrote, "and shaken by frightful sobs he cried: 'O God, my Redeemer, I beg Your mercy and pardon!' Then this fierce and haughty baron, doubtless the first of his rank, humbled himself. He turned toward the people and said, weeping: 'You, the parents of those whom I have so cruelly put to death, grant, ah, grant me the help of your devout prayers!'

Then, in its blinding splendor, the spirit of the Middle Ages radiated throughout that room.

Jean de Malestroit came down from his judge's throne and raised to his feet the accused one, who was frantically beating his head on the tiles; the judge in Malestroit disappeared, only the priest remained; he embraced the guilty one, who with tears was repenting his crime.

A tremor went through those assembled when Jean de Malestroit said to Gilles, who was standing, his head bent on his breast: 'Pray that the just and fearful anger of the Most High be restrained; weep that your tears may wash away from your being the crimes which in your folly you have committed!'

And all in the room went down on their knees and prayed for the murderer . . ."

That is the way people in the Middle Ages could deport themselves toward a frightful criminal.

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WHAT REMAINS of that greatness of spirit in a century marked by parliamentary and partisan vulgarity? Did there appear (and the case did not have to do with a murderer but with a most eminent national leader) a single judge, a single prosecutor, to raise the level of the debate, to recall the precarious nature of human justice, the universality among men of sin and error, the solidarity of Frenchmen in defeat and in travail? Not one. Nobility came from the other quarter, from the silence of the old man.

It has not appeared from anywhere else. For five years no man in power has had the courage publicly to take steps for clemency, or for tempering his punishment, although public opinion and certain authorized representatives have demanded it. Ministers, men of government, have remained prisoners of their ancient bitterness, of their partisan hates, or of their fear of public opinion. I believe that the future will judge harshly this pettiness of soul. But the French people are less bitter than their politicians.

Their sentiments are always on the side of the defeated, the prisoners, those who suffer. And despite the propaganda, the press and official silence, they know what national drama presses to find a solution in a little cell on the edge of the Atlantic.

For many, a sacrifice willingly accepted is finally being consummated. For others, it is simply an old man, who did what he could and was a victim of his time, who is dying.

To the extent to which the French still have a sense of national community, they hope that once the tomb is sealed, brothers who have grown apart can at last grasp each other by the hand. ROBERT BARRAT.

SO THEY TELL ME

Liberal Education and Religion

I ATTENDED, recently, at one of our public colleges, a discussion seminar on the subject: Liberal Education and Religious Values. I was not invited to address the group. But the subject has conscripted my attention and become a kind of preoccupation. I have, in consequence, been driven to working out what, if asked to speak, I would have said. I think it would have been this:

I am compelled to concede, at the outset, that men, liberal men, can live without religion. And I would concede, too, that they can live meaningfully. I have known too many such men to think otherwise. And whatever their existence and conduct may do to my sense of logic, I cannot, for the sake of a theory about men, deny the fact of my own experience with them.

In this kind of discussion, moreover, there arises in my mind the name of George Eliot. Not only did she have no religious belief of any kind, and accepted no God—she was, in the opinion of Lord Acton, one of the greatest of moral teachers. He admits that "in ways, not conclusions," her influence on him was profound. But this concession contains the admission that she was exceptional; and I agree with Lord Acton that "without God, whole branches of morality fall to the ground."

Moreover, George Eliot was a woman who repudiated religion after having been exposed to it and to its teaching. That, of course, is a wholly different thing from being religiously illiterate; from growing, and living and dying without any knowledge, whatsoever, of what religion is, contains, is about, says and teaches. I would be —and am—opposed to all forms of ignorance and of superstition. And I find it difficult to believe that a wholly a-religious mind is a liberal mind, is a mind without hostility to religion; as I would find it difficult to concede that a free mind was one ignorant of any kind of knowledge—which repudiated, in *advance,* that which it had no knowledge of.

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THE mind of Gletkin—whom you have met in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*—is an imprisoned, a conscripted mind. It is a fierce and frightening thing not especially because it is dogmatic, but because it is Neanderthal; because it dogmatizes about what it does not, cannot, know. Gletkin, as Mr. Koestler says, is not attached to civilization because he is "without umbilical cord."

I make the comparison because I think that the mind which is *deprived* of religious knowledge is without grace. If courage is grace under pressure, why ought not a mind, assembling into itself the origins and habits

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of the graceful, treat, at least with politeness, an acquaintanceship which has power to suppress and dissolve what is savage—which has power to civilize and refine, to support and illumine, perhaps to explain, to circle with some meaning; not to make happy, but to structure unhappiness, to teach that we have no right to contract with life that it will not be a tragedy, but that hope shall be full of immortality?

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FOR if religion has value, if it has any meaning, is it not that it relates man to man *because* it relates man to a Being outside himself? If man desires not only to be free, but desires, and is psychically required, to worship, to reverence, to seek a light "which never was on land or sea," is it not its transcendency that is at the heart of religion? For that man cannot, freely, worship man, the historic evidence of man's conduct makes clear. Man can build no ethical universe on such worship as this; and he will, in any event, have subjected himself to tyranny. Man can only freely and with meaning worship God. It is for that reason that I cannot accept, as a definition of religion, the sentence of W. H. Auden: "It may be said that religion is that which is binding, the beliefs or habits of conduct that the conscience of an individual or a society tells him he should affirm even at the cost of his life." I am not sure what the conscience of "a society" is, but I cannot see that the use of the word conscience has meaning when it is not related to God.

Life, in our generation, is indeed, as Hobbes observed, short, nasty and brutish. If man, then, is the single measure of himself, Hobbes was correct, was he not, in freezing him into status, once the social contract had been made? But the essential difficulty with totalitarianism is not that men are not free, but that they are not free because they are without law. The future is unknown; tomorrow, legally, is unknown, morally unknown, and memory is destroyed because the past is annulled. Given their beliefs, and their desire for power held by terror, the totalitarians were right to claim that "religion is the opiate of the people." For religion described a moral universe which the totalitarian found it necessary to destroy. It argues, incidentally, to the wisdom of John Adams and of Marshall that they approved a government of laws, and not of men. For men, left to themselves, are capricious at best, and evil at worst, and full of folly and of terror. It was because Edmund Burke knew this to be true that he held that "religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and all comfort."

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LET us be clear about what we are trying, educationally, to do. We are trying, in our public schools, as men like Mr. Stringfellow Barr suggest, to make good citizens. This seems to me, at best, a thin and shallow aspiration; and, at worst, a plea for subjects. I submit that I want no part in training subjects: the liberal mind is not a subject mind. What we are training, if we take our work seriously, is good men—not citizens. The difference, I submit, is a moral one. There is more than wit in William James' observation that, for women, the purpose of a liberal education is "to tell a good man when you see one." I am willing to let my daughter's citizenship take care of itself: but I hope that she learns that one idea from William James, if not from me.

All kinds of men have died in the last decade for things which seem to me to be evil, and their risking death and their dying seemed to them to be the acts of good citizens. It is not without significance that to a good many of them, not only was their State supreme, it could do no wrong. For it their churches were destroyed, their trade unions uprooted, their schools diseased. The denigration of peoples, the offense to the temple which the human body is, the noxious practices of the Nazis, run, even now, beyond human understanding, and, almost, beyond belief. The power of the human conscience to be perverted and to be darkened is beyond comprehending. The fact is that men will die for religion's sake, but they will also die for a State—an evil State—for posterity, for all kinds of things which have the deceptive appearance of good. What is involved is a conception of moral values.

Dr. Klaus Fuchs, in the words of Rebecca West, meant "to invoke chaos." But he regarded himself as one who wanted to advance virtue. As Miss West puts it: "he was saying that he spent the summer of his days planning, in the cause of virtue, an unparalleled stimulus to the death rate of the Western world, and he intended to spend, still in the cause of virtue, the autumn of his days in rendering a like service to the Slavs." If we consider him sane, we are faced with an almost brilliant perversion of moral values.

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THE fact is that we live in a time of great and ceaseless evil. And I do not think that in treating religion and morality the way we do in our public colleges, we are dealing seriously and meaningfully with the problem. I find myself stunned, for example, by students who say to me in classrooms, "I am not a believer." This, let it be crystal clear, is a gratuitous response to dealing with moral values. Religion is not involved in the discussion. What the student is saying is that he refuses to deal with the vocabulary of "good and evil," and offers as his reason this curious and fixed response.

It is no concern of mine that he is not "a believer," but as an explanation of not recognizing some simple Biblical reference of mine, I find it as startling as I find the incanted phrase. But it is, as I said at the outset, a verbal sign of religious illiteracy. I am much less troubled that these young men and women do not believe, as they say, than that they have been wholly cut off from all knowledge and understanding of the eternal mystery of life, from any conception of the essence of the Judaic-Christian tradition which shaped the moral and the essentially intellectual character of our Western life. Put at its barest, they are wholly ignorant of the fundamental

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ideas around which the democratic scheme of things moved and had its being. I submit that this is a mark of cultural idiocy. Their judgments cannot help but rest on imprecise knowledge, and their careers are liable to carry the germs of bigotry. I do not maintain that they will be without materials for the formation of moral codes, but it strikes me that such codes shall be both thin and loose, and will not furnish much shelter against the evil storms. It is not unlikely that keeping them thus ignorant, in the name of neutrality, we are doing them injustice. "Equal neglect," as Burke puts it, "is not impartial kindness. The species of benevolence, which arises from contempt, is no true charity." I think, to make it perfectly plain, that we are defrauding them.

Thomas Jefferson had about as much faith in men as it was possible to have. Yet he asked the question: "Can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that their liberties are the gift of God?"

You are all familiar, I take it, with Conrad's "Heart of Darkness"—with the story of Kurtz, who "lacked restraint." And you remember Marlowe's judgment of Kurtz: "There was something wanting in him—some small matter which, when the pressing need arose, could not be found under his magnificent eloquence. Whether he knew of this deficiency himself I can't say. I think the knowledge came to him at last—only at the very last. But the wilderness had found him out early, and had taken on him a terrible vengeance for the fantastic invasion. I think it had whispered to him things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had no conception till he took counsel with this great solitude—and the whisper proved irresistibly fascinating. It echoed loudly within him because he was hollow at the core."

FRANCIS DOWNING.

An Appeal

ARCHBISHOP Nicholas Dobrecic, Roman Catholic Primate of Serbia, recently wrote the CARE Mission in Yugoslavia and told how much relief that organization's food packages had provided locally for families suffering from the results of the drought. The packages in question had come from donors in the United States.

The Archbishop's letter gives some idea of his difficulties: "It was quite impossible to give some one a whole package and leave others who live under equally difficult circumstances without anything. Even had I received a thousand packages, I should not have been able to help all, as there are two dioceses under my charge with thousands of needy parishioners. . . ."

Therefore the Archbishop distributes the food as far as it will go. "I never make any discrimination as to party allegiance, creed, religion, etc. All are equal to me —my children and brethren in Christ."

Food packages may be ordered for Archbishop Dobrecic from CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y., or from CARE offices in other cities.

The Stage

A SEASON OF SECOND-NIGHTS

BROOKS ATKINSON, in *Once Around the Sun,* speaks of the artificial audience—exhibitionist in conduct and all but embalmed in appearance—which attends first-nights. This is, of course, not a real audience for any play, but a hopped-up gathering of special interests which can only fill anyone who is fond of the theatre with dismay. Equally dismaying, however—in an entirely different way—is the second-night audience: there isn't any. Magazine reviewers go to second nights, and my own most depressing discovery of the season is that there is no audience at all for the play which is not spectacularly successful. There is no curiosity audience, no habitual audience, no die-hard bunch of enthusiasts who will go to a play to see promising performances, to keep abreast of the early work of possible playwrights, or who simply like the theatre well enough to drop in wherever it is operating. And while it isn't exactly news that nowadays a play must have either the total endorsement of the first-night critics or the lure of an especially popular performer if it is to survive, the extent to which this truism is true is appalling. Again and again this season the magazine reviewers have constituted the entire second-night population, and they are rapidly becoming the lonesomest people in New York. The peak was reached not long ago when, for a play featuring a film star and a distinguished stage actress, there were exactly seventeen paying customers in the center section of the orchestra at curtain time; in this instance, the management was reduced to holding the curtain until the magazine people, who had been distributed along the side aisles, could be huddled hastily into the center section to create for the actors the illusion of an audience.

What depresses me is not that this should eventually happen to a bad play, but that it should happen so quickly—before the performers have been seen by anyone, before the playwright's potential can be assessed by other producers, almost before the facts of the venture can be got into the record. Not even the trade is sufficiently interested in the trade to drop around, and this last seems to me a sign of genuine theatrical despair.

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IN THE course of this vast disinterest, things are bound to be missed—by the general public, by those especially interested in the theatre, and by the profession itself. Practically everyone, for instance, missed Cloris Leachman's performance in "A Story for a Sunday Evening," and I am glad that I didn't. Practically everyone missed Dorothy Greener in "Razzle Dazzle," and, for all the ineptitude of that little revue, Miss Greener's moments were among the most delightful of the season. Not many people saw Walter Macken's remarkably sen-

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sitive performance in "The King of Friday's Men," and not many more heard Cyril Ritchard's magnificent pronunciation of "Joy!" in the last act of "The Relapse." These things may be small rewards for steady—and sometimes painful—theatre-going, but, as I list them, I begin to feel that I may have had more fun at some of the failures than at some of the successes.

Of one thing I am certain: that the season's unluckiest theatregoers were not those who couldn't get tickets for "Guys and Dolls"—they can do that in a year or so—but those who deliberately stayed away from "An Enemy of the People." Whatever the faults of the play, its acted performance was the most rousing in recent memory; to have missed Frederic March and Morris Carnovsky raising the roof under Robert Lewis' direction is to have missed a kind of theatrical excitement which is exceedingly rare. Some of the blame here must be laid on the management, which quit rather too quickly, I think; word of mouth must surely have created an audience for these performances in time. The trouble, at present, is that there is no time, no interim audience large enough to tide a play over; and any management confronted with that second-night canyon is understandably reluctant to increase its investment.

The audience apathy which has overtaken our theatre does not confine itself to the obvious failures; there were plays this season which fell considerably short of perfection but which were nevertheless distinguished in one or another aspect of writing or performance, and while a limited audience sought out these plays, it was far more limited than it ought to have been. "Second Threshold" was not a great play, but I am sure that Clive Brook's performance would have pleased a great many more people than went to see it. And "The Autumn Garden" was so well acted by so interesting an all-round company that it should have found audiences willing to tolerate its rueful third act. When it tours in the fall, I hope that it will.

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THE critics are frequently in the position of having to hand down an over-all verdict which, because of certain real defects in play or production, must be negative, and it has become something of a point of honor with most reviewers not to write a so-so opinion. There are, however, a good many so-so evenings in the theatre—evenings which are by no means entirely satisfactory but which still have values for an audience seriously interested in the form—and it would be nice to think that one of these days the theatre might recapture at least a fractional audience to take pot luck. WALTER KERR.

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The Screen

SO YOU'RE PLANNING A TRIP

FILMS dealing with the South American locale turn up so seldom that a new one called *"Jungle Headhunters"* is most welcome. In the old days this well-made documentary would have been labeled a travelogue, but that word has so many connotations of cliched gentility embroidered with brilliant sunsets that we hesitate to use it in connection with this exceptional picture. Photographed during the Amazon expeditions of Lewis Cotlow, who also had a hand in those African safaris that resulted in the extraordinary "Savage Splendor," this hour-long film is full of the beauties and horrors to be found along the largest river in the world, and at times it demands that its audience have pretty strong stomachs. Of course some of the suspense is dissipated—as when Cotlow and his guides are captured by native warriors and taken to their chief—because we know that Mr. Cotlow is still very much alive and does, in fact, describe the exciting events we see in the picture.

Although this narration is a little corny at times, it is so well spiked with humor and fascinating anthropological observations that I wouldn't have it different. I do wish, however, that we had been shown maps occasionally, as it isn't always easy to follow our fearless leader on some of his side trips, and when we got way over on the Pacific to watch the harvesting of guano, I was lost. But I wouldn't have missed one minute of the trip—not even the anacondas, or the tribesmen who dyed Cotlow red (the whole picture is shot in excellent Technicolor) or the beautiful egrets or the frenzied tribal dances or the actual headhunting scenes which wind up the film with a macabre touch. What is probably most discouraging about this whole headhunting business is that it is based on a philosophy of reprisals; an avenger sets out with warriors to get even with the enemy who killed one of their men; if he's successful he will be the next victim when the enemy's avenger sets out to get even, etc., etc., in a vicious cycle. You obviously have to be tough to survive in an Amazon jungle. But don't let that discourage you from planning a vacation with gun and camera—or from seeing this movie which is full of fascinating things, including a perfectly wonderful recipe on how to shrink a head when you get one.

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IF YOU really like your movies gory and you'd like to travel vicariously back to fourth-century Rome, then *"Fabiola"* is your dish. But you should be warned that only half of what the advertisements for this spectacular Italian film say can be relied on: Fabiola herself (played by Michele Morgan) is not a "goddess of love in a city of sin;" you'll see some pageantry, but not "the splendid pageantry, the lusty grandeur of wicked, sinful, pagan Rome;" you will, however, see "giant gladiators

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fight to the death in the screen's most savage scenes of mortal combat." Director Alessandro Blasetti, who also wrote the screenplay from Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman's novel, must have decided to shoot the works in filming this tale about early Christians. The simple plot about a gladiator (played by Henri Vidal) who becomes a Christian and converts Fabiola, the pagan girl he loves, is only a starting point for the scenes of orgies, massacres and gladiatorial combat. The orgies look pretty silly and the massacres are so bloody you can hardly watch them.

I haven't read the Wiseman story on which this costume (rather scanty at times) piece was based, but to have lasted through the years, the novel must have some authenticity and sincerity which escaped the movie. For American audiences an English language adaptation of this foreign film was made by Marc Connelly and Fred Pressburger; but even this only adds to the artificiality of the whole project. We see the actors speaking French or Italian, but we hear them (or other actors) speaking English. Needless to say the synchronization is not always perfect. I suppose the owners of "Fabiola" hoped to cash in on their investment (which must have been great—what with the 7,000 players and extras, including 200 French and Italian athletes) before MGM came along with their even more expensive "Quo Vadis." All I have to say is: "Quo Vadis" better be better than this.

★

ANOTHER old dodo that turns up again is *"Lorna Doone."* I never cared very much for the Blackmore story, but I think that if it were filmed, simply, in England, it could be made into an acceptable movie. This new version, done in bright technicolor with some background scenes of Yosemite National Park (handsome, but hardly Exmoor) should be called "John Ridd Rides Again." Barbara Hale as the regal Lorna and Richard Greene as Farmer John and a large cast of men and women very much ill at ease in their seventeenth-century costumes struggle valiantly with stilted dialogue freely adapted from Blackmore. The author of that famous novel would no doubt be surprised to find that the plot now differs little from many of the westerns on our screens: the good hard-working farmers versus the snooty, upper-class Doones. A little of Blackmore's humor might have helped the situation.

★

IF you feel you must travel by way of movies, you'll find that *"The Man with My Face,"* which was taken in Puerto Rico, has some excellent atmosphere stuff. It tells a fascinating story about a man (played by Barry Nelson) who comes home one day to find another man living in his house. Furthermore this other man not only looks just like the film's leading character, but also seems to have his signature and finger prints. I don't think Director Edward J. Montaigne has done as much with this absorbing story (stemming from Samuel W. Taylor's novel) as he could have; and unfortunately the cast supporting Barry Nelson give rather amateurish performances. Perhaps if Ed Gardner, who produced the movie, had also appeared in [illegible] have inspired the cast with his zany humor.

PHILIP T. HART[illegible]

Maritain on "Man and the State"

By HEINRICH A. ROMMEN

TODAY, even among some Catholic scholars, especially in Europe, there is a feeling of uneasiness —even of irritation—with traditional Thomism. It seems to me that one school of Thomism, which we might call the strongly traditional, is largely responsible for this. This school seems to be satisfied with a faithful handing down, from generation to generation, of a kind of closed, "finished" system found in learned textbooks. This kind of Thomism treats the great "dissenters," whether they belong to the *philosophia perennis,* like Scotus or Pascal, or, like Kant or Hegel, do not, with a criticism that is condescending, even kindly, but all too often shallow.

Yet there is another approach, an "open" Thomism which adheres just as strictly to the basic tenets of Saint Thomas. This school of Thomist scholars is aware that it serves a living tradition. For them the system is always open to meeting whatever new problems the great dissenters have put before us, even though the dissenters' solutions may be wrong or open to criticism. This school is deeply concerned with problems which could not have been even thought of in the Middle Ages. Many contemporary Thomists feel, for instance, that by Existentialism, which is after all more than a mere fashion, a fundamental dimension of human existence has been opened and partly explored. They believe that Thomists too have a duty to enter and fully explore. Many think that Thomism ought to incorporate Hegel's idea of development, as the Dominican Yves Congar holds, together with the essential "historicity" of man, on which the Jesuit Karl Rahner has put so much stress.

All this, of course, is to be done while avoiding Hegel's Panlogism or "Historicism."

Only thus can an open, living Thomism master and order the wealth of knowledge which has been accumulated by the social sciences and the historical disciplines. An Adam Mohler, Clemens Baumker, Martin Grabmann, Etienne Gilson and their disciples—to name only a few—have already worked at this task. They have followed the advice of Leo XIII: *Vetera novis augere ad perficere,* which implies the "openness" of Thomism and its ability to grow, to perfect itself by the assimilation of newly discovered truths, though these have to be separated from the crust of errors that envelops them.

Jacques Maritain has worked competently to make Thomism a *present* philosophy, especially for the

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HEINRICH A. ROMMEN, author of The State in Catholic Thought, is a member of the faculty of St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn.

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problems of political and social philosophy. He has not been satisfied to rest in mere tradition. In many books and articles he has shown the ability of a Thomist to understand and even to solve the most pressing modern moral-political problems. And his best and most mature contribution can be found in the Walgreen lectures of 1948, just published in an enlarged form under the title: *Man and the State* (University of Chicago. $3.50). Here he discusses such questions as the People and the State, Sovereignty, the Rights of Man, Church and State and the Democratic Charter. This book, even more than his previous work, is proof of the living presence of Thomism in our time. Maritain comes to substantially the same conclusions reached by such Thomists as Yves Congar, Jacques Leclercq, Max Pribilla, John Courtney Murray, and Charles Journet.

★

IT IS a rich book. From the center of metaphysics, of the Christian idea of the human person and of the Natural Law, the thought radiates into the contemporary world of politics. It joins a profound grasp of present data and of contemporary problems with a philosophical effort to make abiding human values the norms by which man everywhere ought to perfect himself and to save his soul. The primary emphasis is on a sharper definition of traditional terms and the introduction of more accurate distinctions. This has to be done by an immediate contact with contemporary socio-political institutions, the "structures" of social life, and the idea-forces which make them grow or decay. Thus, in the chapter "The People and the State," Maritain very fruitfully uses the distinction between "community" and "society," a distinction which first was introduced and developed in the sense of an irrationalist life-philosophy but then rectified by Mausbach, Tischleder, August Pieper and finally by P. Delos, O.P., in his book on the Nation.

"Both community and society are ethico-social and truly human, not mere biological realities." "The community is a product of instinct and heredity, its object is a *fact* which precedes the determination of human intelligence and will, and which acts independently of them to create a common unconscious psyche, common feelings and psychological structures, and common mores. But in a society the object is a *task* to be done or an *end* to be aimed at, which depends on the determinations of human intelligence and will and is preceded by the activity—either decision or, at least, consent—by the reason of the individuals; thus in the case of society the objective and rational element in social life explicitly emerges and takes the leading role" (pp. 2, 3).

Social classes, nationalities and especially the nation in itself are communities. They contain no formal authority, no statutes, no juridical organization, no common good; but they have élites, ruling groups, common passions and aspirations, mores and usages. The nation is thus a community; the politically "organized" people form a society. A society and especially a perfect society, i.e., the body politic, belongs by reason of its rationality to a superior order. The nation can only be the propitious soil and an occasion for the rise or the "production" of a body politic. We might add here that the schoolmen required a rational act, i.e., the consent of the family-fathers, as the immediate cause for the coming into existence of the body politic. Nation and State as body politic, hence, must not be confused. Nationalism is based on such a confusion. It has thus created conditions of permanent revolution because of the blurring of the distinction between nation and nationality on the one hand and nationalism on the other hand, as for instance in Central Europe. Professor Maritain agrees here with the ideas which Monsignor Ignatz Seipel, the prominent Austrian theologian and statesman, elaborated in his book *Nation and State,* written in 1917.

The body politic, as distinguished from the nation, is a society of which the State is a part, the top-most part to be sure. "Political society is required by nature and achieved by reason for the realization of the common good." This society exists as an order of peace and justice. Friendship or the sense of brotherhood, and solidarity are its life-giving principles. The State, then, is that part of the body politic concerned with enactment and enforcement of positive laws to promote the common welfare as administrative and judiciary authority. It also acts as the vicegerant of the body politic in international law. The State is an "organ," to be sure the superior organ, produced by and for the body politic; it is under the control of the politically ordered people. Therefore, it is nothing separate and above the body politic, certainly not its master. The State is the historical "Status" which the body politic—"We, the people"—ordains and establishes for the people's own general welfare. So the State exists to serve the individual persons and the many natural and free communities and societies which these persons form and which as an organized whole coalesce into the body politic that lives in and by the social and civic virtues.

★

FOR ideological reasons, national community, body politic and State in modern times have been identified. The Nation-State became the only legitimate form of the body politic. As a consequence this Nation-State became a super-person, like Hobbes' Leviathan or Rousseau's General Will, through a complete misunderstanding of the distinctly personalist and pluralist constitution of the body politic. As another consequence of the "personification" of the Nation-State (the older idea of the absolute sovereign, separate and above the body politic) the State ceased to be a part of the body politic and became its master, owned it, disposed of it as of its property just as the imperial absolutism of a Justinian or the princely absolutism of the divine right theory did. Consequently, Professor Maritain wholly repudiates the concept of *Sovereignty* and introduces, instead, new terms. He posits the *Independence* and *Autonomy* of the body politic as its natural right, as long as the body politic is a self-sufficient society in the traditional sense. Maritain's criticism of the tendency to make of the State an abso-

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lute sovereignty, as against the reserved *persona ficta* doctrine of the schoolmen, is highly meritorious.

★

ON the Problem of Means, which THE COMMONWEAL published in part (February 2, 1951), the paragraphs on the influence of the historical "structures" on ethics seem to be of major importance. The usual textbook ethics accept, often without a due critique, the prevailing political and economic institutions and social structures, at least if they are not obviously "un-Christian" structures. They simply are accepted as "normal," though these structures are constantly changing or might well be corrupted. Hence there arises the necessity—and the danger—of a situation-ethics, i.e., the normal situation, usually assumed, does not exist and the textbook cannot give appropriate advice.

The underground or the *univers concentrationnaire* in occupied countries offers many such "situations," as do politics in times of extreme emergencies. Our age, with its total wars and totalitarian revolutions, cannot be "normal"; it is a time of extreme and abnormal situations in which actions might be ethically permitted, which to men in "normal" situations easily appear as opportunism, or even as acceptance of the immoral rule that the end justifies the means.

Democratic legitimacy is today the prevailing legitimacy of the modern secular, or, as G. Gundlach, S.J. puts it, of the *objective* state. Even the Hitlers and the Stalins—and also as traditionalist a ruler as Franco—have to try to legitimize their rule by "democratic" institutions like plebiscites, popular representation, general suffrage, etc. But these abuses of democratic structures put us on the look-out for a renewed, restated democratic charter which should be personalized, as against the collectivist and pluralist, as against the totalitarian centralist state. Democracy needs a secular (not secularist) faith, a creed of freedom, in order to be more than mere external form.

Maritain stresses that the content of this creed should be a set of practical conclusions or of practical maxims freely assented to. It need not necessarily be a statement of speculative or revealed truths. It is possible for two citizens to acknowledge the same practical maxim. For example, they can agree on freedom of conscience, as against coercion by the state *qua* state, though they may disagree about the theoretical justification of the maxim. They may even differ in their motive for accepting it: a Catholic citizen, for instance, will stress that the act of faith must be free from coercion by the essentially secular state; another, an agnostic citizen, will do so because he adheres to the theory of religious indifferentism. Because we are concerned here with abstentions from or prohibitions of acts, there is no necessary consequence between the practical maxim and the wrong motive for accepting it. At any rate, I refer the reader to the excellent pages on the Political Heretics and on Authority in Democracy. There the traditional scholastic theories receive a new and more profound expression, thus proving their perennial value.

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I REFERRED in the beginning to Father Congar's demand that the essential "historicity" of man, especially in his cultural development, must be incorporated into our philosophy. Our attention is given to the problems of the adaptation of the Church *en marche* through a secular, though not necessarily secularized, civilization. One has only to read the many new studies on Ecclesiology in theology, the new problem of the accommodations of the missionary Church in the great civilizations of the East, and the problems of the Ecumenical Movement, in order to understand that the age-old problem of the Church and the World, heretofore usually studied under the rather too narrow "Church and State" theme, must be studied anew. To the speculative, timeless principles must now be added a profounder awareness of the historical, contingent, "positive" forms in which these principles find a relatively durable application. For the Church is not a "majestic monolith," separate and set apart from man's temporal life; rather, as Pius XII said, the Church is the life-giving principle of temporal society. No historical civilization, even the Middle Ages, can be considered the set pattern of church-state relations. On the other hand, the State, or that complex of facts signified by it, though it was achieved by reason and was demanded by man's nature, is also a product of history: it is moulded by spiritual and cultural climates, and conditioned by socio-economic forces.

In this spirit of historical awareness, Professor Maritain studies the problem. He gives up the distinction of the ever-valid *thesis* and the historically conditioned *hypothesis* which was developed in the nineteenth century. Rightly, I think, because I feel this approach has served its purpose and had better yield now to better distinctions.

Professor Maritain proposes the term "analogy." For instance, the principle of the full liberty of the Church, as a corporate body and as self-sufficient spiritual society, should by analogy be applied to the changing historical climates of the various civilizations. Thus the principle of the superiority of the Church, the spiritual, over the State, the temporal, will find different analogical applications if, on one hand, there is the case of a crude and primitive civilization and, on the other, a fully developed, higher culture. With the full development of our humanist civil law, as long at least as it is based on Natural Law and recognizes the independence of the spiritual law, the sweeping jurisdiction of canon law courts has become superfluous. This is a different situation from the time when civil courts were still the crude institutions of tribes recently Christianized, whereas canon law was already highly developed.

Professor Maritain is here in full agreement with many theologians of the rank of Jacques Leclercq, Theodor Steinbuchel, Charles Journet, the late Dr. Mausbach, Max Pribilla, S.J., to name only a few who have devoted their time and effort to a revision of the all too idealized view of the Middle Ages or of the confessional state under princely absolutism. These men stress, along with the institutional aspect of the Church, the mystical aspect —the Church as the Communion of the Saints, the Church as the holy people. I am confident that by their efforts we will find a satisfactory solution to the Church-State problem.

There are many other points worth mention in this rich book. But the fine nuances, the deft distinctions, the sympathetic understandings of our times and its men which make it so rich, can only be savored by the careful reader. It is left to the reviewer only to say: Take and read.

Of Note

Some English

A NEW publication, *Amen,* a journal of study and discussion regarding the use of the vernacular in the liturgy and the rituale for parish churches (*P. O. Box* 1991, *Delray Beach, Florida*), carries "A Plea to Our Hierarchy for Some English in the Liturgy," written by Rt. Rev. Joseph P Morrison, president of The Vernacular Society. Here are the concluding paragraphs:

> Thus the Vernacular Society in the light of the foregoing humbly requests the Most Reverend Archbishops and Bishops to study and favorably receive and promote the following suggestions for the use of some English in the Liturgy.
>
> 1) The Sacraments and sacramentals: An English translation of all but the form of the Sacraments of Baptism. Matrimony, and Extreme Unction and of Churching, the visitation of the sick, the reception of converts, Funerals, and the important blessings, including those of Palms and Ashes.
>
> 2) An authorized translation of Vespers and Compline with the hope of preserving these two beautiful services which have been almost entirely supplanted by other services in the vernacular.
>
> 3) An extension of the use of English in the prayers and hymns of Benediction.
>
> 4) The Mass: An authorized translation of those parts of Low Mass which are said in a loud voice audible to the people. (The High Mass would require greater study because of the difficulty with the music.)
>
> Translations and Missals have been tried for many years without notable success because the liturgical services themselves are so constructed that our attention is attracted to them rather than to a book.
>
> The introduction of the vernacular into the Liturgy would of course be gradual and without publicity and restricted to parishes. It could be tried experimentally in smaller parishes at the request of the pastor and gradually expanded as it proves its worth.

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Books

The Ballad of the Sad Cafe: The Novels and Stories of Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

IT IS a feeling of intense loneliness, Stephen Spender has written, which gives all great American literature something in common, and this feeling finds expression in its recurrent theme: "the great misunderstood primal energy of creative art, transformed into the inebriate . . . the feeling ox . . . the lost child."

Spender's insight seemed to me a particularly acute one when I first read it. Surely one is haunted by loneliness and longing in Hemingway, in Fitzgerald, in Faulkner. When I was reading the collected novels and stories of Carson McCullers, his observation struck me with new force. Here is a young American talent of the very first order, and one leaves her work with an almost terrifying sense of the tragic aloneness of man. The symbol for this aloneness is always, as Spender has said, the sensitive, the dumb, the suffering, the lost child. In reading the work of Mrs. McCullers we become aware of being in the presence of a great tragic spirit, and we ourselves become possessed of a great pity and fear.

This apprehension of loneliness, this pity and fear, is constant in Carson McCullers' work. The present volume, in addition to the title story, contains her three novels, *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, Reflections in a Golden Eye,* and *The Member of the Wedding,* and six of her short stories. Through them all we move from one level of tragedy and terror to another: Miss Amelia, the fearsome and cross-eyed, hopelessly in love with an almost diabolical hunchback; Madame Zilensky, the musician, living vicariously through the pathological lie; the deaf mute, finding his voice only through another mute; the inarticulate soldier, keeping secret vigil by the bed of a woman to whom he can never speak; all these and others probe depths of man's misery, depths to which few writers ever gain access.

The art of Carson McCullers has been called "Gothic." Perhaps it is —superficially. Certainly her day-to-day world, her little Southern towns, are haunted by far more masterful horrors than were ever conjured up in the dreary castles of a Horace Walpole. It seems to me, however, that the "Gothic" label misses the essential point. Because Carson McCullers is ultimately the artist functioning at the very loftiest symbolic level, and if one must look for labels I should prefer to call her work "metaphysical." Behind the strange and horrible in her world there are played out the most sombre tragedies of the human spirit; her mutes, her hunchbacks, speak of complexities and frustrations which are so native to man that they can only be recognized, perhaps, in the shock which comes from seeing them dressed in the robes of the grotesque. They pass us on the street every day but we only notice them when they drag a foot as they go by.

At the very opening of the title story, the face of Miss Amelia, the proprietor of the "Sad Cafe," is described as a face ". . . like the terrible dim faces known in dreams . . . sexless and white, with two gray crossed eyes which are turned inwards so sharply that they seem to be exchanging with each other one long and secret gaze of grief." This description, remarkable for its metaphysical fusion of horror and compassion, might serve as a symbol of Carson McCullers' art. And this fusion, I would say, represents an achievement equalled by few other contemporary American writers.

WILLIAM P. CLANCY.

The Slave Ship. Bruno E. Werner. Pantheon. $4.

THE so-called "literature in the drawer," supposed to have been written and hidden away in Germany under Hitler's rule, did not come forth after his fall. Except for a few notable exceptions — mainly diaries and poems—no serious work of fiction dealing with Nazism seems to have been created under Hitler.

Neither were such books—buried in their authors' heads rather than in their secret drawers—written in the subsequent freer years. German creative writing of the last six years more or less ignored the great experience of the twelve Nazi years. Perhaps that tyranny was too close in time, with its fear and shock still paralyzing the writers; perhaps even its memories were still too oppressive; perhaps it was simply more pleasant to side-step it in favor of surrealistic fantasies, mystic allegories, and novels dealing with faraway times, faraway places or the most timely topics of postwar Germany.

Bruno E. Werner is one of the first—and of the very few—German novelists to use the Nazi past for a theme. With broad, sometimes repetitious strokes which would have been mercilessly and advantageously cut by an American book editor's blue pencil (a gadget not yet familiar to European literary circles in general) he describes the life of a German newspaperman between 1932 and 1945, a story well-suited for a novel since it presents a great, genuine drama of ideas in the focus of individual action.

Herr Werner, the author, is a German journalist himself. That his book shows throughout its almost five hundred pages the mark of the skilled newspaperman makes for its value as well as its weakness. For despite its novelistic appearances, it is actually "journalism from the drawer" rather than literature of that kind—Herr Werner started writing it in the last Hitler years, a journalist professionally frustrated by the terror-rulers, yet burningly anxious to report their crimes and times. Thus the book contains an abundance of honest and able reports on the doings of people in a dictatorship, accounts of wartime bombings, descriptions of meetings with Hitler, Goebbels, other Nazi big-shots; yet, as happens so often in novels written by experienced newspapermen, the creative

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something which is essential to a genuine novel seems to be lacking.

It is its reportorial honesty and quality which make Herr Werner's book valuable and appealing; since we are entitled to assume that it is actually autobiography, it has documentary value. If we forget its fictional pretension and take it as the personal history of cosmopolitan intellectuals living through the times of totalitarian tyranny, the book is rewarding indeed. Most Americans have a very poor image of totalitarian reality; from books like this they can understand the morally and sometimes physically destructive impact of the concentration camp state on all its citizens, an impact more murderous perhaps than the most modern bombs.

Georg, the novel's protagonist, was neither a hero nor a scoundrel, and little interested in "politics." Only some time after Hitler's rise to power did he, like most of his friends and colleagues, realize that "the national revolution" had revolutionized his own life which, since he did not want to compromise with the victors nor fight them, turned into a continuous covert struggle for survival, morally and otherwise. How some of his friends finally made a sort of peace, and all sorts of appeasement deals, with the ruling evil; how others were destroyed; how the values of human decency, charity, honor and love were defended in ways which would seem strange to the citizens of freer states, is well and extensively told.

Imprisoned in the slave ship of their state, forced to collaborate against their will, with almost no hope of rebellion, the Germans who hated Hitler had to wish for his defeat although this was likely to bring new, and probably worse, misery upon themselves. When Georg meets the first American tank which comes "as a conqueror, not as a liberator," he feels nevertheless liberated, while he stands all alone among the ruins, his wife and his friends being lost somewhere among the rubble. In a society as atomized as the bombed-out crew of the totalitarian slave ship when the survivors stand alone as single individuals, it is perhaps not possible to write a genuine novel concerned with the past. In its absence, we may be grateful for this interesting and mammoth fictionalized report.

NORBERT MUHLEN.

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Newman's University: Idea and Reality. Fergal McGrath, S.J. Longmans, Green. $7.

OF ALL the many writings of John Henry Newman, two have been accepted as classics of English literature—the *Apologia* and the lectures on *The Idea of a University*, which he delivered in Dublin while the proposals for the foundation of the Catholic University were slowly maturing. The story of Newman's connection with that institution has not hitherto been fully told, and the generally accepted version is that Newman was a rare specimen of fastidious Oxford don, admirable as a maker of words, but too delicate for such practical affairs. In his book Father McGrath gives a detailed account of Newman's thoughts, judgments and actions in Ireland, drawn from sources which have not hitherto been available, and especially from Newman's own voluminous correspondence.

It is a sad story. In any circumstances the scheme to establish a university in Dublin for English-speak-

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ing Catholics from all over the world was optimistic even if it had not been handicapped by political feuds, jarring personalities, poverty and lukewarm support, there were never enough potential students to fill a college. Moreover Newman himself was hopelessly tied from the start, for he was bound to his Oratory at Birmingham and was grudgingly permitted to spend only a portion of his time in Dublin. Even in the happiest circumstances the organization of a new university requires the entire energy and constant presence of its first Rector. As it was, Newman was in a perpetual state of transit; he crossed the Irish Channel no less than fifty-six times—enough to destroy even the most robust modern traveler.

Yet, in spite of the difficulties, Newman emerges from the story most creditably. He showed immense patience, tact, energy and efficiency. He had to collect a faculty, organize the thousand practical details of a new institution, maintain discipline among colleagues and students, and above all combat a governing body of bishops, jealous of their own powers, unskilled in academic problems—not one had ever been to a University—and infuriatingly dilatory. The astonishing fact is that Newman did so much.

Although Father McGrath's book with its mass of detailed information will be of greatest use to the expert, there is much here of general interest for anyone concerned with university education, particularly in a Catholic college or university. Newman's wide grasp of principles and of their application to situations is constantly revealed in his letters and memoranda; and this is the more remarkable when it is remembered that Newman's Oxford was hardly distinguished for its understanding or appreciation of the "new" science which was threatening to destroy religion and to undermine humane learning. Newman could pass without difficulty from the highest principles to a detailed syllabus of English literature for the First Year.

In the debatable and perennial matter of discipline, Newman's views are still wise and valid: "It is assuredly a most delicate and difficult matter to manage youth, and those lay youths, in that most dangerous and least docile time of life, when they are no longer boys, but not yet men, and claim to be entrusted with the freedom which is the right of men, yet punished with the lenience of boys. . . ." As for the professor, he "is not to be overburdened with lectures, that he may have time for the steady pursuit and thorough mastery of the department of science or learning that he has undertaken." He is not to talk down to the level of his students; they are to raise themselves to his. Indeed, though it was not his intention, Father McGrath has supplied many a speaker and academic politician with excellent ammunition for debate.

As his letters show, Newman found his experiences very trying, from the physical discomforts of his lodgings, and the half-raw mutton, to an archbishop, who was his actual superior, and whose rule and prin-

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ciple was, in Newman's own words "to let me ask a question in June, to let me call about it again and again, to let me write to him about it in July, to write to his intimate friend to get an answer for me in August, to give up all chance of one in September, and in January accidentally to find all along he has been telling others that he has decided it in the way I asked him not to decide it, though even now, in February, he has not directly or indirectly, answered me." It says much for Newman's patience that he endured the situation so long. Father McGrath's study may not contribute much to the proposal to make Newman a saint, but he has certainly increased his stature as a man.

G. B. HARRISON.

Inuk. Roger Buliard. Farrar, Straus. $3.50.

FATHER BULIARD is a member of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, an order famous for accepting the most difficult assignments in the foreign mission fields. His station is the most northern settlement on the earth, where life is really harsh and wholly without comforts. It is hard to imagine how the Church could be better represented than by the priest who wrote this book.

'Inuk' means a man, an Eskimo, capable of surviving in this land, where the chips are down. The word would say everything for Hemingway. It is a proud word as the Eskimos use it, and Father Buliard, a Frenchman, born an Eyebrow (their word for a white man) has earned it. A thousand different ways he has earned it. Christian and priest are also proud words, and Roger Buliard has earned them too.

Inuk is an account of his first 15 years in the ice country. He unfolds a thousand new facts about the Eskimos, their daily lives, their ways, their psychology, their virtues and failings. The reader too learns much of Father Buliard's own valiant efforts to bring the Gospel to a handful of forgotten people at the ends of the earth. It is quite a story, and its author is quite a man, quite a man.

JOHN COGLEY.

• REVIEWERS •

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NORBERT MUHLEN, who is a correspondent for the German *Der Monat,* contributes to *Commentary, The New Leader* and other magazines.

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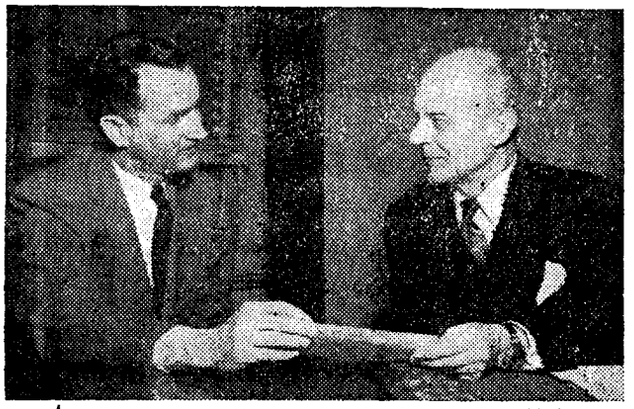
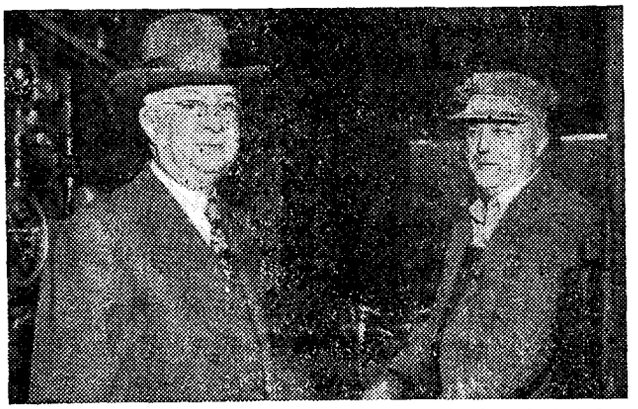
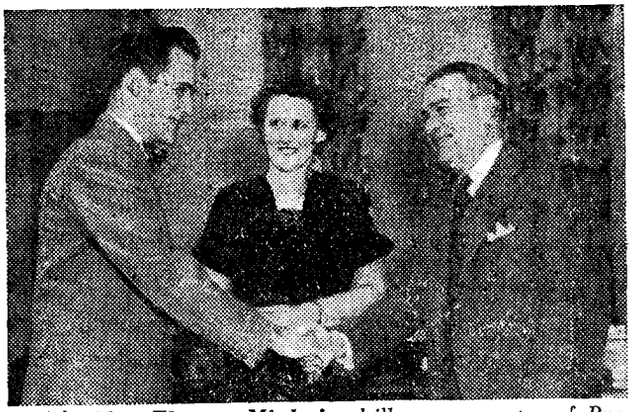


★ "The Defense* Bonds I bought through Payroll Savings in '41 helped me to buy my new home!" says ***C. F. Nelson,*** manufacturing technologist at Shell Oil Company. Congratulating Mr. Nelson is Shell Vice President and former Air Force General ***"Jimmy" Doolittle,*** who adds, "At Shell we believe in Payroll Savings—it's a patriotic and *practical* way to do a job for defense!"



★ "The Savings Bonds I'm buying now for America's defense will add almost $100 a month to my company pension when I retire," SP Engineer ***Frank Bacher*** tells his old friend, ***A. T. Mercier,*** President of the Southern Pacific Railroad. "They're an extra step toward independence in which the railroad helped me by encouraging me to join the Payroll Savings Plan."



★ ***Mrs. Eleanor Minkwic,*** drill press operator of Burroughs Adding Machine Company, introduces her Army veteran son Vernon, to her boss, Burroughs President ***John S. Coleman.*** "In 1942 I began buying Bonds through Payroll Savings at Burroughs," says Mrs. Minkwic. "Today they're helping Vernon's G.I. allowance to see him through college!"

TEAM UP WITH THESE TYPICAL AMERICANS IN THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN!

★ ***Pasquale Santella,*** millwright at United States Steel Company's Carrie Furnaces of the Homestead District Works, has a very personal reason for buying Savings Bonds. As he told ***C. F. Hood,*** United States Steel Company executive vice president, "My son Tony, 19, is missing in Korea. Used to be I bought bonds because it was my duty and it was a good way to save money. Now I want to help lick the Reds and get Tony back. I buy one bond every payday and when Uncle Sam needs more money, I'll buy *more* bonds." He has bought bonds regularly since 1943; has never cashed one.

*U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds Buy Them Regularly!

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